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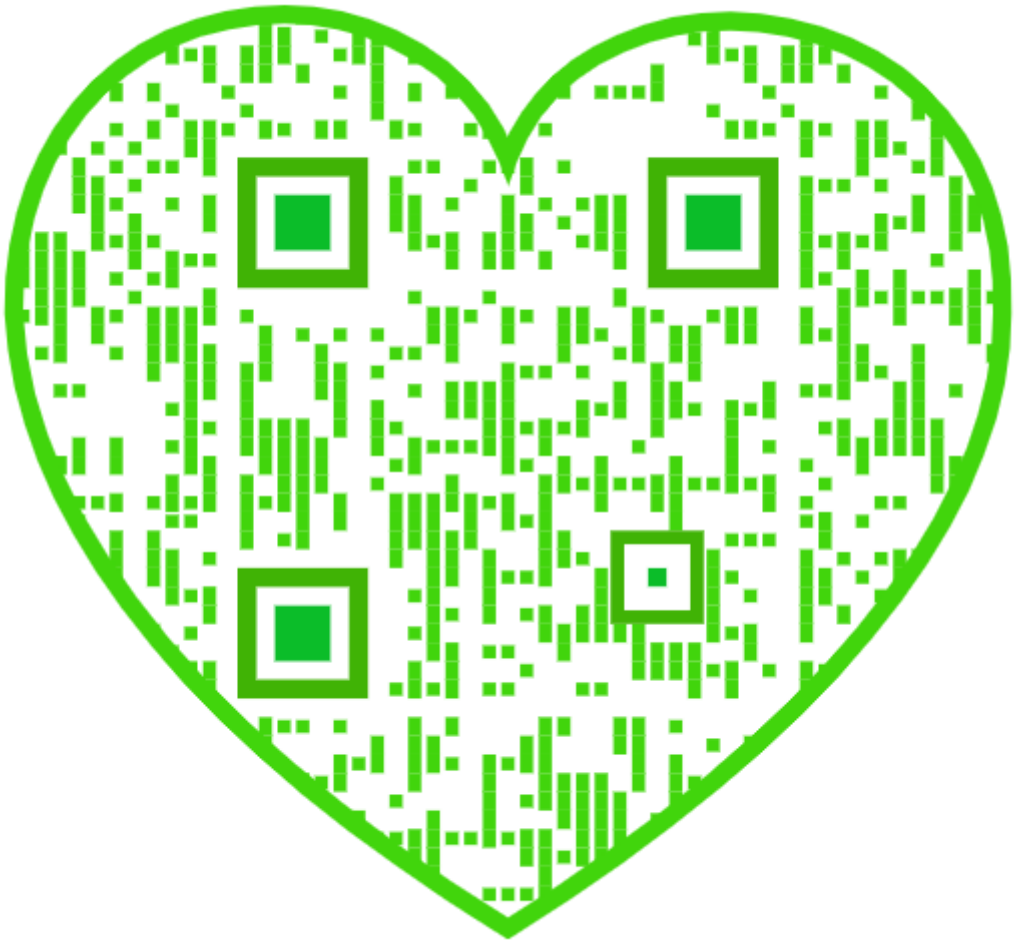
PRICE 25 CENTS

# Everystudent

## His Encounters in Pursuit of Knowledge

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY CHICAGO



# Everystudent

## His Encounters in Pursuit of Knowledge

A MODERN MORALITY
PLAY IN ONE ACT

BY
EDITH EVERETT

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY
CHICAGO

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NO. 1

# INTRODUCTION

"EVERYSTUDENT" is a modern morality play, depicting trials and temptations of student life through symbolic character representations of various virtues, vices and conditions. If not in style, at least in purpose it is fashioned after the old English morality plays, of which "Everyman" is the best known example, and "Everywoman" is the distinguished modern characterization.

The dramatic coloring and interest in this play are real and sincere, and it is hoped that the interlude may find acceptance and favor with high schools and colleges. With the suggested music, and the introduction of other pieces if thought desirable, the play will form an entertainment at once attractive and pleasing. The little work ought, also, to answer the insistent demand for a new form of commencement exercise.

The final triumph of Truth and Perseverance over Bluff and Good Times will be found to leave an impress for a more clean and wholesome moral standard of life.

THE PUBLISHERS

*DEDICATED TO*
*THE CLASS OF 1911*
*ENGLEWOOD (N. J.) HIGH SCHOOL*

## CHARACTERS

[*Arranged in the order of their appearance, with brief suggestions for costuming*]

RESULT[1]—*f*[2]—*brown cloak, lined with gold; white dress*
TRUTH—*f*[2]—*blue cloak and hood, white dress*
EVERYSTUDENT—*m*[3]—*white duck trousers, blue coat*
ATHLETICS—*m*[3]—*white duck trousers, sweater*
GOOD TIMES—*m*[3]—*as a cowboy first; second appearance in tuxedo*
CLASSMATE—*m*[3]—*tennis suit of white flannel*
BLUFF—*m*[3]—*light suit, gay stockings and tie, etc.*
STUDY—*f*[2]—*white dress, and cap and gown*
GHOST[4]—*m*[3]—*white sheet thrown over him*
LATIN—*f*[2]—*Roman or Grecian costume*
MATHEMATICS—*m*[3]—*black gown, white cabalistic figures, tall, pointed cap, white beard and white hanging hair*
WISDOM—*m*[3]—*in school or class colors as Grecian priest or priestess*
AMBITION—*f*[2]—
PERSEVERANCE—*f*[2]— } *white dress, light gray cloak and hood*
GOOD SENSE—*f*[2]—
HERALD—*m*[3]—*herald's costume*
ALMA MATER—*f*[2]—*white dress, cap and gown*
JEST, LOVE, HAPPINESS, JOY, SPORTS—*m. and f. of each, costumed as indicated in closing scene of play*

TIME OF PLAYING: *about one hour*

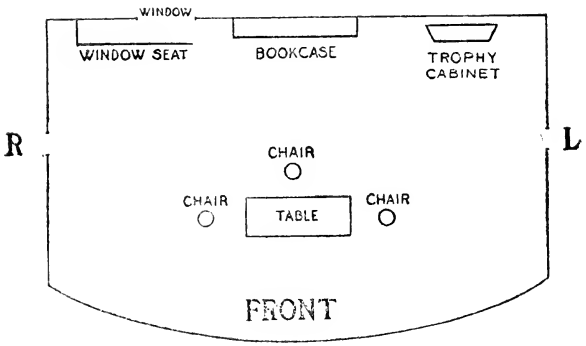
[1]FAILURE and SUCCESS are two other names for this same character.

[2]Meaning that this part in the original was played by a female character. Necessity might require other arrangements being made in some instances.

[3]Meaning that this part in the original cast was played by a female character.

[4]Also called EXAM.

## STAGE ARRANGEMENT



# Everystudent

SCENE: *A student's room. Banners, pennants, posters, and pictures adorn the walls. Pillows cover the window seat, and other pillows are scattered about the room. At center of stage, well down front, is a table, with a chair behind it and other chairs at either side. A student's lamp and books and papers appear on table. A bookcase stands in the rear and a trophy cabinet is at its left. Entrances at right and left of stage.*

DISCOVERED: *As the curtain is drawn* FAILURE *is discovered entering from L. She is clad in flowing robes of dark brown, lined throughout with gold so that they may be worn either side out.*

FAILURE: I have to haunt Everystudent in these dull robes until he learns my true nature and my name. He can never, all his life long, be rid of me, for my name is not Failure, nor is it Success, though I am called both, according to whether I appear in gold or brown [*showing the lining of her cloak*]. My true name is Result. I am hated by many who surround themselves with such companions as Laziness, Indifference, and Cheat, in whose company I never don my festive robe. By many I am blindly sought and often am I feasted when I do appear in shining garb. Few understand me or know my name. I would Everystudent might learn of me before it is too late.

[*Enter, R.,* TRUTH, *clad in a white costume and a loose, dark blue cloak and hood. She is bent over, and hobbles along with the aid of a cane.*]

FAILURE [*resuming her cloak and hood and turning as if to meet* EVERYSTUDENT, *then in surprise*]: Welcome, Truth. We meet here again.

TRUTH: Yes, Result, unwelcome Truth must meet Everystudent again on his return. Of course you know he has been with Examination again, and again has he relied on Bluff. This letter [*picking up sealed letter from table*] tells him of you and me. He will have but harsh words for us. Oh, sister, he, like all men who love me not and who have never sought to look me in the face, believes me a most unpleasant creature—old, wrinkled, crabbed. [*Puts on cloak and hood and leans with both hands on cane, bent like an old lady. Speaks in a high, cracked voice.*] Thus must I appear to him: Young man, young man, you are making a mistake, you are making a mistake. [*Rising and throwing back hood.*] If we could but reveal ourselves to him, how happy we could all be.

RESULT: Truth, you speak like yourself, but it cannot be. It is ordained by God that only those who seek shall find Truth and only to those who seek shall my real nature be revealed.

[*Shouts and sounds of laughter behind the scenes.*]

[*Enter, R.,* EVERYSTUDENT, CLASSMATE, GOOD TIMES, ATHLETICS, BLUFF. TRUTH *and* RESULT *put on cloaks and retire to back of stage.*]

EVERYSTUDENT: That was the best run yet, Athletics. I'll see you again, I promise you, to-morrow at the same time [*laughing as he shakes* ATHLETICS *heartily by the hand*]. Studies and Conscience both say I am too devoted to you and spend altogether too much time in your company. They are jealous, that's all. Don't let that worry you. What they say will make no difference, old chap. You might drop in for a round or two this evening. What do you say?

ATHLETICS: The more I see of you the more I can do for you and with you. You understand that. If you want to have me hunt you up, why, sir, you will have to *excel* and you can't excel without *me*. So there you are. [*Starting to leave, R.*]

EVERYSTUDENT: I understand that well. To-night, then, at eight.

GOOD TIMES: There's a dance on at the Armory and some of the boys are going to have a game of pool over at Gray's. I am counting on you, my friend.

CLASSMATE: I am going to a party at the Hilliard's and I promised Irene I would bring you.

EVERYSTUDENT: One must choose some things and sacrifice others. [*To* ATHLETICS, *who is waiting at the door for his answer.*] Come at eight. [*Exit* ATHLETICS.] I [*turning to* CLASSMATE] have a chance to make the track team if I keep on good terms with Athletics. [*Going to table and turning over mail.*] That means more to me than—— [*Picks up letter hastily, tears it open and reads.*] Gee, I have flunked again. Bluff, see here! What about your extravagant promises? You are no good friend of mine from now on.

[BLUFF, CLASSMATE *and* GOOD TIMES *group together and talk dumb show.* FAILURE *and* TRUTH *have advanced so that* EVERYSTUDENT *discovers them for the first time.*]

EVERYSTUDENT: You haunt me, don't you? [*Sitting at table, C., and leaning back with hands over his eyes.*] I see your hateful countenance in my dreams—gaunt, hollow-eyed Failure!

FAILURE [*with a sweep of her garment, showing the gold lining*]: You have never seen my face yet.

EVERYSTUDENT: No, the worst is yet to come, no doubt. I have seen enough—all I want of you.

CLASSMATE [*perching on table, R.*]: Cheer up, old man. You didn't give Bluff a chance. He just told me so. And just see who is still here. He would have gone but for me. [GOOD TIMES *comes forward, R.*] Good Times is still with us, old man. Come, Good Times, tell us what it shall be to drown pale care and drive away sorrow. [*Indicating* TRUTH *and* FAILURE.]

GOOD TIMES: Why, we can call in some of the fellows and—[*see-*

*ing that* EVERYSTUDENT *turns deliberately away from him*] why, then some of the girls, if you wish to get up a picnic—[EVERYSTUDENT *rises impatiently and goes to the bookcase, takes down volume, opens it and returns to the table with book in hand*] or if it's one girl, why—

CLASSMATE [*interrupting*]: It's an exam, you fool—not a girl.

GOOD TIMES: Oh, is that all? Treat me like this just for an exam! Why, that's over and gone.

CLASSMATE [*to* GOOD TIMES]: Suppose you go now and come back this evening. You see, the results are here, staring him in the face [*indicating* TRUTH *and* FAILURE]. Bring in a crowd this evening. [*Leads* GOOD TIMES *to the door, R.*]

EVERYSTUDENT [*overhearing and seating himself at table*]: No, don't come back. I have to meet Athletics this evening.

GOOD TIMES: Oh, very well. Good day.

BLUFF [*at R., to* EVERYSTUDENT]: I should think you would hardly care to risk sending Good Times off in a huff. I've known him to absolutely desert a man for less than that.

[CLASSMATE *returns from bidding* GOOD TIMES *adieu.*]

EVERYSTUDENT [*rising and pacing back and forth*]: It's no use, Classmate, I have to meet Exam to-morrow. I shall have to call in Study and Latin and Math. I see no other way out of it.

BLUFF [*hesitating in the doorway, R., as if about to follow* GOOD TIMES, *comes forward at last remark*]: Say, Everystudent, I can help you yet, if you will listen to me. It's too late to get much out of Study. I'll whistle up some friends of mine who are at the club across the street and we'll assure you success or your money refunded. [FAILURE *turns and looks sharply at* BLUFF. *She keeps her eyes on him during the rest of his speech.*] I know what I am talking about. I have seen them bring any number through exams who knew less than you do. Here, I'll call them. [*Starts toward door, R.*]

EVERYSTUDENT: Not until I know who they are!

BLUFF: Never mind their names. They belong to my gang, so they are all right in their place. Of course, they have not had the entrée into quite such respectable circles as I have—that is, Cheat and Deceit haven't had, but Graft goes quite as much as I. Now, just let me call them up.

EVERYSTUDENT: Keep your disreputable friends away from here! I have no desire to meet them, much less to employ them. As for yourself—go! [*Points to door, R.*]

[BLUFF, *with a wave of his hand to* CLASSMATE, *goes out, laughing, R.*]

CLASSMATE: You don't know a good chance when you see it. The next I know, you will be a "greasy grind."

[*Exit* CLASSMATE, *R.*]

EVERYSTUDENT: Now for work. [*Rings bell. No answer. Rings second time, impatiently. Enter* STUDY, *L.*]

EVERYSTUDENT: Study, bring in my two hardest task-masters: Latin and Math.

[*Exit* STUDY, *L.*]

[FAILURE *and* TRUTH *return to back stage, L.*]

EVERYSTUDENT [*looking up*]: You still here? I hope Study will make this seem less like home to you.

FAILURE *and* TRUTH *return to back of stage, L.*]

GHOST [*enters at R., a large, looming figure, shrouded like a ghost, who reaches out a long arm at him and points, saying in sepulchral tones*]: I am Exam. I shall see thee to-morrow. To-morrow at nine, I shall see thee. Be prepared. [*Exit.*]

EVERYSTUDENT [*sarcastically*]: Then I shall see thee again! I knew that. Why did you not tell me something I did not know? That would be easy. [*Shuddering.*] Whew! this room is haunted for fair. [*Moves restlessly.*]

GHOST [*reëntering, rises taller than before and approaches nearer*]: I am Exam. I am huge and powerful. I can lay you flat. I

shall meet you at nine to-morrow. Prepare to meet thy doom. [*Exit.*]

EVERYSTUDENT [*who has been crouching behind the table, hurls book at* GHOST'S *head*]: Clear out, will you? It will be time enough to-morrow. You need not be snooping around here. I'll meet you all right. [*Aside.*] And I'll slay him, too, this time, if I die in the attempt. [GHOST *disappears.*]

[*Enter, L.,* STUDY *with* MATHEMATICS *and* LATIN. MATHEMATICS *is attired like a magician—long, black robe, having cabalistic figures in white on it, wearing also a high pointed cap, a white beard, and white hair hanging to shoulders.* LATIN *is dressed in an attractive Roman or Grecian costume.*]

STUDY [*coming forward awkwardly and arranging books on table at left of* EVERYSTUDENT]: I hardly feel at home here, Everystudent. Let me introduce you to Latin. [LATIN *bows.* EVERYSTUDENT *rises and acknowledges introduction stiffly.*] You may have met before, also you and Mathematics. [*At mention of his name* MATHEMATICS *bows deeply, with hand on breast in old-time courtesy.* EVERYSTUDENT *does likewise.*] But I am sure you need a rëintroduction—to judge by what you said to Exam yesterday.

[*Enter* GHOST *as before, pointing at* EVERYSTUDENT.

GHOST: To-morrow at nine!

LATIN [*startled*]: *Me miserum.* What was that?

MATHEMATICS [*making passes with his hands like a magician*]: Down, perturbed spirit.

GHOST [*as he sinks*]: Going down.

EVERYSTUDENT: If this sort of thing keeps up, I shall land in [*insert name of some local insane asylum*] instead of Princeton.

[TRUTH *and* RESULT *cross to R., as if going, but remain standing there.*]

STUDY: Come, bury your fears in your books—we lose time.

LATIN: Yes, indeed, *tempus fugit.*

EVERYSTUDENT [*looks disgustedly at Latin*]: You'd better translate if you expect me to know what you are saying.

STUDY [*pacifyingly*]: True, *time flies.* Let's all sit around the table now and get to work. Here, Math, write out a problem for Everystudent. [*Hands paper and pencil to* MATH, *who begins to draw sweeping lines across the page.*] Latin, sit here and make out a page of prose for him. [*Arranges paper and pen for* LATIN.]

LATIN [*does not sit, but stands back of* EVERYSTUDENT, *looking over his shoulder*]: *Age quod agis.*

EVERYSTUDENT [*sitting back*]: You may mean that as a help, but I can tell you it's a hindrance. What's that you said? in English, please!

LATIN [*translating patiently*]: *Age* equals "do." *Quod,* "What." *Agis,* "you do"—that is, "do it carefully."

EVERYSTUDENT [*sarcastically*]: Thanks, awfully.

LATIN [*haughtily*]: *Absit invidia.* [LATIN *moves away from table to R.*]

EVERYSTUDENT [*appealing to* STUDY]: Say, is this fair? It's two against one, and unless someone acts as interpreter here Latin will get into a huff and leave.

[LATIN *turns away and* STUDY *speaks in anxious tones to* EVERYSTUDENT.]

STUDY: Latin said, "No offense intended," and I think you had better exert yourself a bit or she will leave you.

EVERYSTUDENT: It's a forlorn hope, but here goes. [*Rising and advancing toward* LATIN.] Pardon me, Latin, ahem—ahem—*Arma virumque cano.* [*Aside.*] That's the first line in Virgil and the only one I remember. I have no idea what it means.

LATIN [*turns at his speech and stands looking at him with puzzled expression*]: What did you say? Did you mean you were going to *sing now?* Then you will not need me. I will go.

EVERYSTUDENT [*getting between* LATIN *and the door*]: No, I was not aware that I said I would sing. I *can't* sing, you know. Then I don't *feel* a bit like singing. [*Aside.*] That reminds me, there is a college song that ought to be safe. I'll try *that.* [*To* LATIN:] *Integer vitæ scelerisque purus.*

LATIN [*frigidly*]: I fail to see the connection.

EVERYSTUDENT [*aside*]: So do I. Now, my last resort. [*Turning to* LATIN *in soothing tones:*] *Omnia Gallia in tres partes divisa est.*

LATIN: Yes, so I have heard,—but what has that to do with——

EVERYSTUDENT: My finish? Everything. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

MATHEMATICS [*waking up with a start*]: O, *what* have we proved?

EVERYSTUDENT: That I am an idiot.

MATHEMATICS [*sternly*]: That needs no proof, young man. That is a well-established and self-evident fact—an axiom, I might say.

EVERYSTUDENT [*throwing himself into chair at table*]: *Reductio ad absurdum.*

MATHEMATICS: Yea, verily. [*In a revery:*] Q. E. D. Q. E. D., letters to conjure with.

EVERYSTUDENT: C. Q. D. for me.

MATHEMATICS: Q. E. D., that's my cue. Yes, here it is; a problem [*taking out a circle in which is fitted a square*]. Here, young man, is a circle inside of which is a square. You are to remove the square and prove that there is no squar'in' the circle. Do you comprehend?

EVERYSTUDENT: No, not exactly.

MATHEMATICS: You have no doubt heard that there is no squar'in' the circle.

EVERYSTUDENT: I have heard that a circle can not be squared, if that is what you mean.

MATHEMATICS: You must be careful of your wording. I said, no squar'in' the circle.

EVERYSTUDENT: But there *is* a square in the circle.

MATHEMATICS: How dull you are! You are to prove it is not so by algebra.

EVERYSTUDENT: You will have me prove black is white?

MATHEMATICS: That is easy, if you know how to go about it.

EVERYSTUDENT: But what is the use?

MATHEMATICS [*tapping him on the brow*]: Mental training, young man, mental training.

[TRUTH *has advanced from R. to other side of table and is leaning over, peering at* EVERYSTUDENT, *her hood brushed back to reveal her face.*]

EVERYSTUDENT [*looking over, catches sight of her and leans forward.* TRUTH *quickly hides in her hood*]: Oh, I say, I had a glimpse then, a sort of vision—but it's gone again.

[*Shouting outside. Students heard singing school song, faintly at first, as though in distance, gradually increasing in volume, then dies away. Heard faintly during next speeches.*]

EVERYSTUDENT [*rises and hurries to window*]: Hurrah! Another victory for us. I wish I had gone to the game. [*Signals students. Snatches up cap and starts for door.*] Sorry, but I shall have to leave you. No doubt I shall find you on my return. Make yourselves at home. [*Hurries out, R.*]

[FAILURE *glides forward from back of stage and sits in seat vacated by* EVERYSTUDENT. TRUTH *throws back hood.*]

TRUTH [*coming forward*]: He will seek me yet. [STUDY *leads* LATIN *and* MATHEMATICS *out at L.* MATHEMATICS *is making passes with hands, as if conjuring. Exit* TRUTH *at R.*]

[*Stage darkens.* FAILURE *throws back garments so that the*

*golden lining forms a frame about her. She reclines, dozing. Enter* EVERYSTUDENT, *comes forward without seeing* FAILURE. *Cheers heard in distance.*]

EVERYSTUDENT: That's a revelation to me. Why, Scrub won the game. He was the last fellow I expected to show so much grit. He has just stuck to the squad until he got his chance. Why, I can remember when he entered—he was about the sickliest-looking chap in the school, and we all laughed at him when he came out for the team. That shows what a fellow can do. He's had Determination with him, and—*gee, it took some!* [*Walks toward table.*] Why couldn't I win Knowledge as he has Athletics? [*Catching sight of* FAILURE, *asleep, with robe of gold about her.*] What's this!—no, it can't be—[*comes closer and turns up light*] yes, it *is* Success, in gleaming robes and beautiful.

[*Enter* WISDOM *at L.*]

WISDOM [*with finger to lips*]: Hush, do not wake her. This is the hour of Revelation. [*Advances and throws cloak and hood over her.*] Do you recognize her now? This is Failure, who has haunted you so long. The Gods know her as Result. She will be always with you, wherever you go, clothed in dull brown or in gold, as you shall choose. Once to Everystudent comes the hour of Revelation and I, Wisdom, say to you, seek out the friends of Success. Ask her to-morrow, when she appears as Failure, why she has come to you hooded and seemingly mean. Forget not this hour.

[EVERYSTUDENT *goes to window and stands looking out.*]

WISDOM [*goes to L. and calls*]: Enter now Ambition, Perseverance, and Good Sense. [*Each enters as she is called, dressed in white but cloaked in gray, with the cloak and hood thrown back.*]

[WISDOM *stands at back of stage, R., presiding over the scene.*]

FAILURE [*awakens*]: What, sisters, are you here? Have you come at last to his room, to my student? Did he summon you? Then, indeed, I am happy. [*Throws on cloak gold side out.*]

EVERYSTUDENT [*coming forward and speaking as if seeing a vision*]: I see Success as in a vision and those who must attend on her.

SUCCESS [*comes forward and takes him by the hand*]: I thank you for entertaining my friends. If they could stay with us, I would appear always in gold, and always merry. This, our friend Ambition, is very necessary to me.

EVERYSTUDENT [*to* AMBITION]: I have met Ambition now and again. I have often felt the grasp of your hand [*shaking hands*]. Ease and Good Times have turned me from you, but I know you now for a friend.

AMBITION: High rank among your fellow men is yours to win. I will lead, if you will follow.

SUCCESS: Our loyal friend, Perseverance, is here, Everystudent. She alone has been able to win me when others failed.

EVERYSTUDENT: Perseverance, I respect and honor you [*taking her hand*]. You have served me well whenever I have called you to my aid. That dull gray cloak that garbs you has made you seem unattractive. I shall not let you go from me so easily again.

PERSEVERANCE: Many a man has owed to me all that he gained in this world. I am rich and powerful and can give you your wish, be it for wealth, or social success, or for fame. One wish only is assured in the short span of man's life. If you hold true to me, I grant it—though sometimes after long years—only you must never admit Despair. If Despair enter your doors she will force you to leave me.

SUCCESS: Then, Everystudent, to win my brightest smile and most constant favor, here is Good Sense, most often omitted from the trio.

EVERYSTUDENT: Undoubtedly I need you always [*shakes hand*].

GOOD SENSE: I am glad of your appreciation, but I will confess I am not as easy to win as are my sisters. I come to whomsoe'er I choose and little they have to do with it. Ambition and Perseverance obey your will, but I do not. I may desert you at your utmost need. I may come when all else fails and win the day for you. It is well for you to pray constantly for me, but you can never claim to have me, for even with the words you show you have me not.

[*Sound of singing is heard in distance, gradually increasing in volume. Any rousing song sung by school at games will answer.*]

EVERYSTUDENT: Success, some of my friends are coming to celebrate a victory. Will you remain? [*This is said while singing is faint.* SUCCESS *remains in golden cloak.* PERSEVERANCE, GOOD SENSE *and* AMBITION *remain also. Exit* WISDOM, *L. As crowd enters, lights brighten. Enter at L.,* TRUTH, *as an old woman. Enter at R.,* GOOD TIMES, CLASSMATE, BLUFF, ATHLETICS, *still singing uproariously.*]

GOOD TIMES: How was that for a game? [*Slapping* EVERYSTUDENT *on the back.*] Give another cheer [*all cheer*]. Now, Athletics, a speech.

[*Exit* GOOD TIMES, *to dress for last appearance.*]

ATHLETICS: My eloquence lies in action, not in words. Those who have followed me, in company with my good friends whom I see before me—Good Sense [*bowing recognition across stage*] and Perseverance [*bowing to her*] and who are led on by Ambition [*bowing to her*] have always had with them our glorious friend, Success [*indicating her with a sweep of his hand*]. I find myself in very congenial company, thanks to someone. Whoever makes me one of this worthy group of friends will find that I bring others of equal worth in my set: Health and Strength and Energy are three, and Obedience and Self-Reliance are two more whom I delight to honor. [*All listen attentively except* BLUFF.]

These, if you are worthy followers, you shall often meet and have as constant friends. The slavish follower who idolizes me, neglects Studies and Wisdom, and takes Recklessness into his counsels, wins not my favor, but my dislike instead. I speak freely, for no youth is so misguided as he who follows this course. Friends, I am yours for a hearty contest and for victory. [*Applause.*]

CLASSMATE: Friends, I have a word to say. To-day I received a summons from the business world. This is my last evening with you, unless I can persuade some of you to go with me.

TRUTH [*advancing and touching his elbow*]: I will go with you to the end of time [*continues on down to R. front*].

CLASSMATE: I do not wish to be disrespectful, *grandma,* but you are very old and also very hideous and no one loves you. You would be a burden. It would be better far for you to stay here. [TRUTH *passes to other side of stage.*]

[*Enter* WISDOM *and* STUDY *at L.*]

WISDOM [*passing to side of* EVERYSTUDENT]: Have you ever sought Truth or cared to shield her from attack? She has many enemies.

EVERYSTUDENT [*coming up to* CLASSMATE]: I dreamed a dream once and Truth and Failure were both beautiful and young and fair.

CLASSMATE: You were certainly seeing things. I fear for your brain, old man—too much study. You'll have brain fever yet. I am sorry for you. [*Shakes head ominously. Turns and sees* BLUFF *standing by him.*] Here, Bluff, I want to take you with me.

BLUFF [*slapping* CLASSMATE *on shoulder and taking his hand*]: You know an old reliable when you see one, eh? [*Pompously:*] I am your man. What need you? Why, with me you can own the world.

[EVERYSTUDENT *has reached the side of* TRUTH *and, coming up*

*from behind, lifts her hands, cane and all. Raising her back against his shoulder, he tosses back her hood with his free hand.*]

EVERYSTUDENT: Ah, Truth, it is as I dreamed. Thou art lovely and I shall fight for thee. Thy enemies: Dishonesty, Cheat, Lies, Error, all shall be my enemies.

TRUTH [*smiles up at him*]: Lovely to those who seek. But quickly let me hide. [*Resumes cloak.*]

EVERYSTUDENT: Truth is as I said, Classmate. Some day may you learn the value of what you have lost.

[*Sound of bugle in distance. All start, look and listen. Sound near at hand. Enter* HERALD.]

HERALD: Is Everystudent here?

EVERYSTUDENT: I am he.

HERALD: Hear ye! my master, World, has sent for you. No longer tarry, but with the best retinue you can summon, join his forces either at college or at work. He needs thee, for the everlasting struggle is on and men drop daily. Arm and out!

EVERYSTUDENT: I hear the summons of your king, my worthy sir. Commend me to him. Say that I obey and will follow shortly.

HERALD: 'Tis well, my Lord. Look that you choose your helpers with care. Pardon my word of caution, but many a noble career have I seen ruined by just one treacherous servant. Many of the enemy hire themselves out as servants to our men and in the thick of battle turn and slay them on the field. Evil Habit has done this so often that he is fairly well known and likewise avoided, but there are many more imposters.

EVERYSTUDENT: Wisdom and Truth have I chosen as two of my counsellors. They will know these false knaves.

HERALD: If Wisdom and Truth are with you, none can stand against you. Choose five more. Seven is the number allotted, not including yourself.

EVERYSTUDENT [*calls, and each passes over to him as called*]:

Ambition, Perseverance, Good Sense, Study. I can not hope to leave you, Athletics, I need you for my health.

HERALD: That is all.

EVERYSTUDENT: But—why, I have left out Good Times and, worst of all, Success.

SUCCESS [*coming over to his side*]: I follow you anyway. You did right not to choose me, for I am Result and must needs follow you always.

CLASSMATE [*who has not heard* SUCCESS]: I choose Success and that is where I win, old man. You have a sorry array. Come, Bluff, you are mine also, and Success is mine, but Study, or Grind, as you are better called, go your way. I am freed of you at last.

SUCCESS [*throwing on her cloak, the dark side out, and pulling down the hood*]: Since you called me, I must follow.

CLASSMATE: Failure! There is some mistake here. I never summoned you. Your ears are not registering correctly. I leave you to my dear friend, who seems possessed to ruin his health and break his spirit with that dreary company he has assembled.

SUCCESS [*turning to* EVERYSTUDENT, *assuming her gold cloak*]: Now, I am with you from the start.

[*Enter* ALMA MATER *at L.*]

ALMA MATER: Everystudent, and Classmate! the time is at hand. The World calls you to leave my fostering care. Little do you know the hardships that my castle walls have warded off these four years. I have loved you well and sought under watchful eyes and varying influences to test your strength. A miniature world my castle is, and in it you may learn to value all that is good and to hate all that is evil. But, here, as in the World, the choice is your own. I can tell you that Wisdom and Truth and Virtue are the greatest champions a knight can have, but you, yourself, must win them to your cause. Neither I nor any one in all the world can say to these or lesser champions—"Go,

thou, attend on Everystudent. Go, thou, attend on Classmate." Here then are your credentials. Success, come help me knight and send them forth to victory.

[CLASSMATE *has followed* TRUTH *down R.* (TRUTH *is forward on R.*) *and is watching her closely.* GOOD SENSE *comes to one side of him and* AMBITION *to the other side.*]

GOOD SENSE: It is well to look into matters before making your final decision. You were hasty in your judgment of Truth. Would it not be well to investigate?

AMBITION: There is no need for you to take low rank, Classmate. You are as good as the next one and have much in your favor. Why let Everystudent get ahead of you? If he has found Truth and you have not, he will win and you will lose.

CLASSMATE [*comes to right front, just back of* TRUTH]: I have always been called clever, but there is something here I can't puzzle out. Truth seems like an old hag—sometimes—but there are times when she stands erect. There!

[TRUTH, *apparently not knowing that* CLASSMATE *is near, raises herself to an erect position and stretches out one arm as if it were cramped.* CLASSMATE *seizes it and* TRUTH *bends back quickly, but cannot release her arm.*]

CLASSMATE: A rather plump arm for an aged dame, and hard and firm and strong. I *will* know! [*In attempt to discover who* TRUTH *is, hood falls and* CLASSMATE *stands astonished.* TRUTH *hastens to doorway.*]

TRUTH: You must seek me, Classmate, and fight all my many, many foes if you care for me. [*Exit* TRUTH *and* GOOD TIMES.]

CLASSMATE: I will seek you to the ends of the earth and to the end of time. [*Turning, sees* BLUFF:] That means you must go! —you and your whole gang, which you promised to bring into my service. I cannot see Good Times. Has he left? It matters not I have no one and that I am alone.

BLUFF: Have you, too, lost your reason? Well, never mind, you

may yet regain your senses. Then you will be gladder than ever of my help. I am one of those fellows who are not so easily got rid of, I'll have you know. I shall be waiting, remember. [*Aside.*] I miss my guess if I am not summoned directly.

[*Exit.*]

[SUCCESS, *meantime, has taken a sword and stands with* ALMA MATER *and* WISDOM, *ready to receive the* KNIGHTS. *All the other virtues seek* EVERYSTUDENT *and lead him from the back of the stage. He kneels, and is handed a parchment with a seal.*]

ALMA MATER: Your glory is also mine. I rejoice in your victories as though they were my very own. My blessings go with you.

SUCCESS [*striking his shoulder with his sword*]: So far, so good. Arise, Knight of American Schools. You have attained one goal: may this encourage you toward the next.

WISDOM [*descending and taking the hand of* CLASSMATE]: Here is one without retinue, whom yet I claim at the eleventh hour. He has seen Truth and cleared himself of many false companions. Success, I lead him to you. [CLASSMATE *kneels.*]

ALMA MATER: Classmate, though I have had the heaviness of your mistakes and have not now the pleasure in my Castle Hall of your right conduct, yet I rejoice that you have met Truth here. If Gratitude be entertained by you, some day remember this: I am best repaid by your own worthiness.

SUCCESS [*touches him on shoulder with sword*]: Arise, lone Knight, and fear not. Now that you are free from scoundrelly retainers, many a worthy warrior will fight under your flag.

ALMA MATER [*presents to each a white banner on tall staff, with name of school thereon. As she presents banner to* EVERYSTUDENT, *she says*]: Raise high this standard to Classmate! May it lead you on to victory.

[*Enter* GOOD TIMES *in tuxedo.*]

GOOD TIMES [*takes center front of stage*]: Because you did not

choose me I, Good Times, come and in my best attire. I am very different, according to the company I am in. I have with me all my best brothers and sisters and they are many. We shall be with you often. Happiness and Love, chief of all our tribe, are waiting for you. The struggle everlasting which you join with all these friends should be a glorious triumph for such as you. I will call them in. [HERALD *may lead the procession, blowing the bugle, others carrying inscribed banners. Curtain.*]

[*Or, if preferred, the stage may be cleared (or other characters may arrange themselves at rear), and* GOOD TIMES *at head of dancers, brings in*

MORRIS DANCE

[or any other will answer]

| BOYS | | | GIRLS |
|---|---|---|---|
| GOOD TIMES | *In tuxedo.* | *In evening dress* | GOOD TIMES |
| JEST | *In white and yellow. Cap and bells to represent April Fool's Day.* | | JEST |
| LOVE | *In white, red hearts. King and Queen of Hearts, to represent St. Valentine's Day.* | | LOVE |
| HAPPINESS | *Dressed to represent Christmas Day: Green and white.* | | HAPPINESS |
| JOY | *May King and Queen, to represent May Day.* | | JOY |
| SPORTS | *Red, white and blue, to represent Fourth of July.* | | SPORTS |

CURTAIN

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